NATURE LOVERS' BIRTHDAY BOOK

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The NATURE LOVER'S BIRTHDAY BOOK

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January

FIRST

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight.
Emerson

SECOND

The shrill wind blew about the house,
And through the fires all night;
The snowflakes whirled across the fields
And hid the fence from sight.

THIRD

Who comes dancing over snow,
His soft little feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door, though the wild winds blow,
Take the child in and make him cozy,
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.
Dinah M. Craik

FOURTH

Who hath not dreamed in the falling snow—
The soft and slumbrous snow,
That comes from heaven like a dream of light,
Shed o'er the world below?
E. M. Sterling

January

FIFTH

O Winter!
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age.

Cowper

SIXTH

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

James Russell Lowell

SEVENTH

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun.

James Russell Lowell

EIGHTH

Meanwhile abroad
Incessant rain was falling, or the frost
Raged bitterly, with keen and silent tooth.

Wordsworth

January

NINTH

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky
That does not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot.
Shakespeare

TENTH

Stern Winter's icy breath, intensely keen,
Now chills the blood, and withers every green;
Bright shines the azure sky, serenely fair,
Or driving snows obscure the turbid air.
Anon.

ELEVENTH

Then let the icy north wind blow
The trumpets of the coming storm,
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow
Yon slanting lines of rain transform.
Whittier

TWELFTH

Sharp season followed of continual storm
In deepest winter; and, from week to week,
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were clogged
With frequent showers of snow.
Wordsworth

January

THIRTEENTH

Hast thou seen, with flash incessant,
Bubbles gliding under ice,
Bodied forth and evanescent,
No one knows by what device?
Wordsworth

FOURTEENTH

All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice
In games confederate.
Wordsworth

FIFTEENTH

The leafless trees, and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron.
Wordsworth

SIXTEENTH

For Winter came; the wind was his whip;
One choppy finger was on his lip;
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles.
Shelley

January

SEVENTEENTH

His breath was a chain which, without a sound,
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the Arctic Zone.

Shelley

EIGHTEENTH

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost.

Shelley

NINETEENTH

High on the mountain's highest ridge,
Where oft the stormy winter gale
Cuts like a scythe, while thru the clouds
It sweeps from vale to vale.

Wordsworth

TWENTIETH

St. Agnes' Eve! Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

Keats

January

TWENTY-FIRST

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.

Whittier

TWENTY-SECOND

God gave a gift to Earth—a child,
Weak, innocent, and undefiled,
Opened its ignorant eyes, and smiled.

A. A. Procter

TWENTY-THIRD

Child of the pure unclouded brow
And dreaming eyes of wonder

Lewis Carroll

TWENTY-FOURTH

A dreary place would this earth be,
Were there no little people in it;
The Song of Life would lose its mirth
Were there no children to begin it.

Whittier

January

TWENTY-FIFTH

Whereso'er a foot hath gone,
Whereso'er the sun hath shone,
On a league of peopled ground,
Little children may be found!
Mary Howitt

TWENTY-SIXTH

With their wishes, hopes and fears;
With their laughter and their tears.
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Mary Howitt

TWENTY-SEVENTH

O child! O new-born denizen
Of life's great city! On thy head
The glory of the morn is shed,
Like a celestial benison!
Longfellow

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Here at the portal thou dost stand,
And with thy little hand
Thou openest the mysterious gate
Into the future's undiscovered land.
Longfellow

January

TWENTY-NINTH

They are such little hands!
Be kind! things are so new
and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway.
Anon.

THIRTIETH

A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing, with red
round cheeks,
That always finds and
never seeks.
Coleridge

THIRTY-FIRST

The rosebud opens on her
cheek,
The meaning eyes begin to
speak;
And in each smiling look
is seen
The innocence which plays
within.
William Whitehead

February

FIRST

And I must work through months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.

SECOND

I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom;
Enough, if at the end of all
A little garden blossom.
Tennyson

THIRD

This was ever among the number of my wishes; a portion of ground not over large, in which was a garden . . . and a little woodland besides.
Horace

FOURTH

Where do all the daisies go?
I know, I know!
Underneath the snow they creep,
Nod their little heads and sleep,
In the springtime out they peep;
That is where they go!
Unknown

February

FIFTH

Where do all the birdies go?
I know, I know!
Far away from winter snow,
To the far warm south they go;
Where they stay till daisies blow,
That is where they go!
Unknown

SIXTH

Sunsets red and quiet air;
Ponds are ice and trees are bare;
Fields are frozen far and near;
February days are here.

SEVENTH

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest.
Barry Cornwall

EIGHTH

Now shifting gales with milder influence blow,
Cloud o'er the skies and melt the falling snow;
The softened earth with fertile moisture teems,
And, freed from icy bonds, down rush the swelling streams.
Anon.

February

NINTH

Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in
broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed tor-
rents rush at once.
James Thomson

TENTH

Already now the snow-drop
dares appear,
The first pale blossom of the
unripened year.
Mrs. Barbauld

ELEVENTH

Above all flowres in the
mede,
Than love I most those flow-
res white and rede,
Such that they callen Daisies
in our town.
Chaucer

TWELFTH

Full many a gem, of purest
ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves
of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born
to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness
on the desert air.
Gray

February

THIRTEENTH

We may shut our eyes, but
we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and
grass is growing.
James Russell Lowell

FOURTEENTH

The meanest floweret of the
vale,
The simplest note that swells
the gale,
The common sun, the air, the
skies,
To him are opening Paradise.
Gray

FIFTEENTH

The fountains mingle with
the river
And the rivers with the
ocean,
The winds of heaven mix
forever
With a sweet emotion.
Shelley

SIXTEENTH

And dreaming, some of Au-
tumn past,
And some of Spring, ap-
proaching fast,
And some of April buds and
showers,
And some of songs in July
bowers.
Shelley

February

SEVENTEENTH

Sing a song of Winter,
The world stops dead;
Under snowy coverlid
Flowers lie abed.
Cosmo Monkhouse

EIGHTEENTH

When all the ground was
dark, and twinkling stars
Edged the black clouds, home
and to bed we went.
Wordsworth

NINETEENTH

I had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning
hills, had seen
The western mountain touch
his setting orb,
Wordsworth, "The Sun"

TWENTIETH

The moon to me was
dear;
Standing to gaze upon her
while she hung
Midway between the hills.
Wordsworth

February

TWENTY-FIRST

Behold the groves that shine
with silver frost,
Their beauty withered and
their verdure lost.
Pope

TWENTY-SECOND

With the calm patience of
the woods I wait
For leaf and blossom when
God gives us Spring.
Whittier

TWENTY-THIRD

This is the time when bit by
bit
The days begin to lengthen
sweet
And every minute gained is
joy.
Katherine Tynan

TWENTY-FOURTH

The earth
And common face of Nature
spake to me
Rememberable things.
Wordsworth

February

TWENTY-FIFTH

The simple way in which my childhood walked;
Those chiefly that first led me to the love
Of rivers, woods, and fields.
Wordsworth

TWENTY-SIXTH

Little children may be seen,
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless, everywhere.
Mary Howitt

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy.
Shakespeare

TWENTY-EIGHTH

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love.
William Blake

February

TWENTY-NINTH

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill!

Sir Henry Wotton

March

FIRST

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by.
Gray

SECOND

The year's at the Spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled.
Robert Browning

THIRD

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world.
Robert Browning

FOURTH

The crocus in the shrewd March morn
Thrusts up its saffron spear;
And April dots the sombre thorn
With gems and loveliest cheer.
Coventry Patmore

March

FIFTH

O! it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.
Shakespeare

SIXTH

A gentle wind of western birth,
From some far summer sea,
Wakes daisies in the wintry earth.
George Macdonald

SEVENTH

Up from the sea the wild north wind is blowing
Under the sky's gray arch;
Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs, knowing
It is the wind of March.
Whittier

EIGHTH

Across the moat the fresh west wind
In very little ripples went;
The way the heavy aspens bent
Towards it, was a thing to mind!
William Morris

March

NINTH

Through winter's moss and dry dead leaves .....
The bladed grass revives and lives, ...
Pushes the mouldering waste away, ...
For glimpses to the April day. .....

Whittier

TENTH

In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love, ...
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove. .....

Pope .....

ELEVENTH

The turf with rural dainties shall be crowned, ...
While opening blooms diffuse their sweets around. .....

Pope .....

TWELFTH

Lone flower, hemmed in with snows, and white as they, ...
But hardier far, once more I see thee bend .....
Thy forehead! .....

Wordsworth
"To a Snowdrop" .....

March

THIRTEENTH

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring returned
To clothe the fields with verdure.
Wordsworth

FOURTEENTH

It is the first mild day of March;
Each minute sweeter than before;
The redbreast sings from the tall larch
That stands beside our door.
Wordsworth

FIFTEENTH

List, the winds of March are blowing;
Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing
Their meek heads to the nipping air.
Wordsworth

SIXTEENTH

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing
A love for things that have no feeling;
The Spring's first rose, by you espied,
May fill your breast with joyful pride.
Wordsworth

March

SEVENTEENTH

The licence of the happy woods, ...
The brook's release are ours; .....
The freedom of the unshamed wind .....
Among the glad-eyed flowers. *Whittier*

EIGHTEENTH

The green earth sends her incense up .....
From many a mountain shrine; .....
From folded leaf and dewy cup .....
She pours her sacred wine. *Whittier*

NINETEENTH

The winds with hymns of praise are loud, ...
Or low with sobs of pain, ...
The thunder-organ of the cloud, ...
The dropping tears of rain. *Whittier*

TWENTIETH

The earth hath felt the breath of Spring: .....
Though yet on her deliverer's wing .....
The lingering frosts of winter cling. *Whittier* .....

March

TWENTY-FIRST

The leaves through which the glad winds blew
Shared the wild dance the waters knew;
And where the shadows deepest fell,
The wood-thrush rang his silver bell.

Whittier

TWENTY-SECOND

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!

Whittier

TWENTY-THIRD

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O Mists make room for me."

Longfellow

TWENTY-FOURTH

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven.

Keats

March

TWENTY-FIFTH

The fragments of the cloud
are scattered up;
The wind that lifts them
disentwines my hair.
Shelley

TWENTY-SIXTH

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill,
On the top of the hill.
Wordsworth

TWENTY-SEVENTH

A boy's will is the wind's
will,
And the thoughts of youth
are long, long thoughts.
Longfellow

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the
winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.
Longfellow

March

TWENTY-NINTH

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.

William Blake

THIRTIETH

Thou struggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees!
When I forget thy thousand ways,
Then life and all shall cease.

Mary Lamb

THIRTY-FIRST

Her joy is like an instinct, joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly;
She dances, runs without an aim,
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Dorothy Wordsworth

April

FIRST

O Soul of the Springtime, its light and its breath.
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death.
Whittier

SECOND

And, soft and low, thou wind soft blowing,
Breathe through a veil of tenderest haze
Thy prophecy of summer days.
Whittier

THIRD

At last
The clouds consign their treasures to the fields.
James Thomson

FOURTH

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky.
Wordsworth

April

FIFTH

I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Wordsworth

SIXTH

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!
William Blake

SEVENTH

The sun doth arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring,
To welcome the Spring.
William Blake

EIGHTH

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As Spring revives the year,
And hails us with the cuckoo's song,
To show that she is here.
Austin

April

NINTH

There's something in the air
That's new and sweet and
rare—
A scent of summer things,
A whirr as if of wings.
Nora Perry

TENTH

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?
Thomas Carlyle

ELEVENTH

Fled are the frosts, and
now the fields appear
Re-clothed in fresh and ver-
dant diaper,
Thaw'd are the snows, and
now the lusty Spring
Gives to each mead a neat
enamelling.
Robert Herrick

TWELFTH

When daffodils begin to
peer,
With heigh! the doxy
over the dale,
Why, then comes in the
sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in
the winter's pale.
Shakespeare

April

THIRTEENTH

Gay little Dandelion
Lights up the meads,
Swings on her slender foot,
Telleth her beads.
Helen B. Bostwick

FOURTEENTH

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Longfellow

FIFTEENTH

The fairies have been busy while you slept;
They have been laughing where the sad rain wept.
E. Nesbit

SIXTEENTH

The daisy's cheek is tipped with a blush,
She is of such low degree.
Thomas Hood

April

SEVENTEENTH

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.
Shakespeare

EIGHTEENTH

Primroses, the Spring may love them;
Summer knows but little of them.
Wordsworth

NINETEENTH

Here, thronged with primroses the steep rock's breast
Glittered at evening like a starry sky.
Wordsworth

TWENTIETH

And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.
Wordsworth

April

TWENTY-FIRST

Fresh grasses fringe the meadow-brooks,
And mildly from its sunny nooks
The blue eye of the violet looks.

Whittier

TWENTY-SECOND

Her tokens of renewing care
Hath Nature scattered everywhere,
In bud and flower, and warmer air.

Whittier

TWENTY-THIRD

The snow-plumed angel of the North
Has dropped his icy spear;
Again the mossy earth looks forth,
Again the streams gush clear.

Whittier

TWENTY-FOURTH

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the South!
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth.

Whittier

April

TWENTY-FIFTH

And April weeps—but, O ye hours!
Follow with May's fairest flowers.
Shelley

TWENTY-SIXTH

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.
Shelley

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory,—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Shelley

TWENTY-EIGHTH

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams.
Shelley, "The Cloud"

April

TWENTY-NINTH

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers.
Shelley

THIRTIETH

When proud-pied April,
dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth
in everything.
Shakespeare

May

FIRST

The voice of one who goes before, to make
The paths of June more beautiful, is thine,
Sweet May!
Helen Hunt

SECOND

Blue-eyed May
Shall soon behold this border thickly set
With bright jonquils.
Wordsworth

THIRD

Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!
Not dull art thou as undiscerning night;
But studious only to remove from sight
Day's mutable distinctions.
Wordsworth

FOURTH

Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard
When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill
Like the first summons, cuckoo! of thy bill,
With its twin notes inseparably paired.
Wordsworth

May

FIFTH

The budding groves seemed
eager to urge on the
steps of June.
Wordsworth

SIXTH

So fair, so sweet, withal
so sensitive,
Would that the little flowers
were born to live,
Conscious of half the pleas-
ure which they give.
Wordsworth

SEVENTH

And yet how pleased we
wander forth
When May is whispering
"Come!"
Wordsworth

EIGHTH

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only
one
Is shining in the sky.
Wordsworth

May

NINTH

O blithe new-comer! I have heard .....
I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee .....
bird,
Or but a wandering voice? .....
Wordsworth

TENTH

He sees
The clear moon, and the .....
glory of the heavens
There, in a black blue vault .....
she sails along,
Followed by multitudes of .....
stars. *Wordsworth*

ELEVENTH

Soft clouds, the whitest of .....
the year,
Sailed through the sky— .....
the brooks ran clear;
The lambs from rock to rock .....
were bounding;
With songs the budded .....
groves resounding.
Wordsworth

TWELFTH

Ye may simper, blush, and .....
smile,
And perfume the air awhile; .....
But, sweet things, ye must .....
be gone,
Fruit, ye know, is coming .....
on;
Then, ah! then, where is .....
your grace,
When as cherries come in .....
place? *Robert Herrick*

May

THIRTEENTH

Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass?

Keats

FOURTEENTH

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no othe rbreezes than are blown
Through its tall woods.

Keats

FIFTEENTH

Comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the sick heavens all unseemly stains.

Keats

SIXTEENTH

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
And the starry night.

Shelley

May

SEVENTEENTH

Among the hills the echoes play
A never, never-ending song,
To welcome in the May!
Wordsworth

EIGHTEENTH

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
Robert Herrick

NINETEENTH

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside;
Both of a fresh and fragrant kiss
To honour Whitsuntide.
Robert Herrick

TWENTIETH

Over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.
Longfellow

May

TWENTY-FIRST

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,
Draw forth the cheerful day from night!
Tennyson

TWENTY-SECOND

For lo, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth.
Song of Solomon

TWENTY-THIRD

When that the month of May
Is comen, and that I hear the foules sing,
And that the flowres ginnen for to spring,
Farewell my boke and my devocioun.
Chaucer

TWENTY-FOURTH

And red May-bushes by the old red wall
Shower down their crimson petals over all.
E. Nesbit

May

TWENTY-FIFTH

Behold, within the leafy shade .....
Those bright blue eggs together laid! .....
On me the chance-discovered sight .....
Gleamed like a vision of delight. .....
Wordsworth

TWENTY-SIXTH

I know where daisies are .....
That only wait small hands to intertwine .....
A wreath for such a golden head as thine. .....
E. V. Lucas

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Now is the time for mirth, ...
Nor cheek or tongue be dumb; .....
For with the flowery earth .....
The golden pomp is come.
Robert Herrick

TWENTY-EIGHTH

O evil day! if I were sullen
While the earth itself is adorning .....
The sweet May morning,
And the children are culling, ...
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide .....
Fresh flowers.
Wordsworth

May

TWENTY-NINTH

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pine and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts today
Feel the gladness of the May.
Wordsworth

THIRTIETH

Where the blackbird sings the latest.
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.
James Hogg

THIRTY-FIRST

Once on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers.
W. M. Praed

June

FIRST

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.
James Russell Lowell

SECOND

You love the roses—so do I.
I wish
The sky would rain down roses, as they rain
From off the shaken bush.
George Eliot

THIRD

June, June, June!
Low croon
The brown bees in the clover,
Sweet, sweet, sweet!
Repeat
The robins, nested over.
Unknown

FOURTH

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat,
Just where the field and forest meet.
Richard Watson Gilder

June

FIFTH

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat.
Shakespeare

SIXTH

I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
Hood

SEVENTH

The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening.
Shelley

EIGHTH

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour'd may.
Shelley

June

NINTH

A gold and silver cup
Upon a pillar green,
Earth holds her Daisy up
To catch the sunshine in.
Henry Sutton

TENTH

Roses, ranged in valiant row,
I will never think that she
passed you by!
She loves you noble roses, I
know.
Robert Browning

ELEVENTH

And we'll among the bushes,
And hear your friends, the
thrushes,
And see what flowers the
weather
Has rendered fit to gather.
Leigh Hunt

TWELFTH

I must go seek some dew-
drops here,
And hang a pearl in every
cowslip's ear.
Shakespeare

June

THIRTEENTH

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.
Shakespeare

FOURTEENTH

Here the bright crocus and blue violet glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
Pope

FIFTEENTH

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune,
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea;
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.
Bliss Carman

SIXTEENTH

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet.
T. Nash

June

SEVENTEENTH

List—'twas the Cuckoo—oh, with what delight .....
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint, ...
Far off and faint, and melting into air. .....
Wordsworth

EIGHTEENTH

And in the meadows and the lower grounds .....
Was all the sweetness of a common down— .....
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds, ...
And labourers going forth to till the fields. .....
Wordsworth

NINETEENTH

.....
A garden stored with peas, and mint and thyme, ...
And flowers for posies. .....
Wordsworth

TWENTIETH

To me the meanest flower that blows can give, ...
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears. .....
Wordsworth .....

June

TWENTY-FIRST

Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops.
Robert Browning

TWENTY-SECOND

I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer.
Keats

TWENTY-THIRD

What is more gentle than a wind in summer?
Keats

TWENTY-FOURTH

I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown.
Shelley

June

TWENTY-FIFTH

All things that love the sun
are out of doors;
The sky rejoices in the
morning's birth;
The grass is bright with
raindrops.

Wordsworth

TWENTY-SIXTH

Once more on yonder laur-
elled height
The summer flowers have
budded;
Once more with summer's
golden light
The vales of home are
flooded.

Whittier

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Nor flaunting summer—when
he throws
His soul into the brier-rose;
Or calls the lily from her
sleep.

Wordsworth

TWENTY-EIGHTH

O for boyhood's time of
June,
Crowding years in one brief
moon,
When all things I heard or
saw,
Me, their master, waited for.

Whittier

June

TWENTY-NINTH

Summer is y-comen in,
  Loud sing, cuckoo;
  Groweth seed,
  And bloweth mead,
And spring'th the wood now.
Early English Song

THIRTIETH

Sweet is the heifer's lowing,
  and sweet is the heifer's
  breath,
And sweet in the summer
  to lie by a brook that
  murmureth.
Theocritus

July

FIRST

Summer! the poet loves thee more than all:
Loves thy warm sun, and glorious glowing skies;
Thy pomp of trees and greenwood witcheries.
H. F. Chorley

SECOND

Thy fruit full well the schoolboy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
E. Elliott

THIRD

The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head.
E. Elliott

FOURTH

Light harebell, there thou art,
Making a lovely part
Of the old splendour of the days gone by.
Mary Howitt

July

FIFTH

Through the open door
A drowsy smell of flowers—
grey heliotrope,
And white sweet clover, and
shy mignonette—
Comes faintly in.

Whittier

SIXTH

There are sweet peas, on
tiptoe for a flight,
With wings of gentle flush
o'er delicate white
And taper fingers catching
at all things,
To bend them all about with
tiny rings.

Keats

SEVENTH

The shepherds shun the
noonday heat,
The lowering herds to mur-
muring brooks retreat
To closer shades the panting
flocks remove.

Pope

EIGHTH

Eternal beauties grace the
shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves
for ever green!

Pope

July

NINTH

The Summer's flower is to the Summer sweet
Though to itself it only live and die.
Shakespeare

TENTH

And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.
Milton

ELEVENTH

But chief, the skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.
Gray

TWELFTH

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher. *Wordsworth*

July

THIRTEENTH

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.
Wordsworth

FOURTEENTH

'Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one;
The Daisy by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun.
Wordsworth

FIFTEENTH

While among the leaves
Soft airs were stirring, and the midday sun
Unfelt shone brightly round us.
Wordsworth

SIXTEENTH

When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dreams to the dragon fly
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees
And murmurs a lullaby,
It is July.
Susan Hartley Swett

July

SEVENTEENTH

The loveliest lyric I ever heard .....
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird. .....
Madison Cawein .....

EIGHTEENTH

But blue skies smile, and flowers bloom on, ...
And rivers still keep flowing, ...
The dear God still His rain and sun .....
On good and ill bestowing.
Whittier

NINETEENTH

Bring us the airs of hills and forests .....
The sweet aroma of birch and pine, ...
Give us a waft of the north wind, laden .....
With sweetbrier odours and breath of kine!
Whittier

TWENTIETH

Sing on! bring down O lowland river, ...
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea; .....
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of mountains, ...
The breath of the woodlands, bear with thee.
Whittier

July

TWENTY-FIRST

I love to rise on a summer morn
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me.
O! what sweet company.

William Blake

TWENTY-SECOND

'Twas that delightful season when the broom,
Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,
Along the copses runs in veins of gold.

Wordsworth

TWENTY-THIRD

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

Shelley

TWENTY-FOURTH

The flowers . . .
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one,
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun.

Shelley

July

TWENTY-FIFTH

Look but at the gardener's pride—
How he glories when he sees
Roses, lilies, side by side,
Violets in families!
Wordsworth

TWENTY-SIXTH

They dance not for me,
Yet mine is their glee!
Thus pleasure is spread through the earth
In stray gifts, to be claimed by whoever shall find.
Wordsworth

TWENTY-SEVENTH

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the cornears fill,
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.
Whittier

TWENTY-EIGHTH

All gently glide the hours,
Above no tempest lowers,
Below are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.
Barry Cornwall

July

TWENTY-NINTH

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg

THIRTIETH

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles today
To-morrow will be dying.

Robert Herrick

THIRTY-FIRST

Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not.

Keats

August

FIRST

Think, O! grateful think,
How good the God of Harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields.
James Thomson

SECOND

The proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase.
Somerville

THIRD

The sunny wall
Presents the downy peach, the shining plum,
The ruddy fragrant nectarine.
Anon.

FOURTH

What joy in dreaming ease to lie
Amid a field new shorn,
And see all round on sunlit slope,
The piled-up stacks of corn.
Mary Howitt

August

FIFTH

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,
And with him rises weeping.
Shakespeare

SIXTH

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
A-tilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.
James Russell Lowell

SEVENTH

In the pool drowsed the cattle up to their knees,
The little birds sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year.
James Russell Lowell

EIGHTH

Early cheerful mounting lark,
Light's gentle usher, morning's dark,
In merry notes delighting.
Sir John Davies

August

NINTH

Maiden-pinks of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.
John Fletcher

TENTH

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blushes to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!
Elizabethan Lyric

ELEVENTH

Hear how the birds, on every blooming spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day.
Pope

TWELFTH

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine.
Pope

August

THIRTEENTH

How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers!
A. Marvell

FOURTEENTH

The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay.
Shelley

FIFTEENTH

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed.
Gray

SIXTEENTH

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace.
James Russell Lowell

August

SEVENTEENTH

How sweet it is—to saunter
through a wood!
An old place, full of many
a lovely brood,
Tall trees, green arbours,
and ground-flowers in
flocks.
Wordsworth

EIGHTEENTH

The busy mirth
Of reapers, men and women,
boys and girls.
Wordsworth

NINETEENTH

One impulse from a vernal
wood
May teach you more of
man.
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.
Wordsworth

TWENTIETH

When earth repays with
golden sheaves
The labours of the plough,
And ripening fruits and for-
est leaves
All brighten on the bough.
Wordsworth

August

TWENTY-FIRST

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky!
Whittier

TWENTY-SECOND

So when the nightingale to rest removes,
The thrush may chant to the forsaken groves.
Pope

TWENTY-THIRD

Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth.
Wordsworth

TWENTY-FOURTH

When thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place,
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.
Wordsworth

August

TWENTY-FIFTH

O painter of the fruits and flowers!
We thank thee for thy wise design .....
Whereby these human hands of ours .....
In Nature's garden work with thine. .....

Whittier

TWENTY-SIXTH

And God and man shall own his worth .....
Who toils to leave as his bequest .....
An added beauty to the earth. .....

Whittier

TWENTY-SEVENTH

So Nature keeps the reverent fame
With which her years began, ...
And all her signs and voices shame .....
The prayerless heart of man. .....

Whittier

TWENTY-EIGHTH

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn, ...
On Autumn loves to lean, ...
And fields of slowly-yellowing corn .....
Are girt by woods still green. .....

Austin

August

TWENTY-NINTH

The blue
Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
Of summer nights collected still to make
The morning precious.

Keats

THIRTIETH

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die!

Shelley, "The Cloud"

THIRTY-FIRST

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale this very day;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze.

Wordsworth

September

FIRST

I see thee eager at thy play,
Now shouting to the apples
on the tree,
With cheeks as round and
red as they.
Longfellow

SECOND

Season of mists and mellow
fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the
maturing sun.
Keats

THIRD

In formed array the reapers
move,
Or bind in sheaves, or load
or guide the wain
That tinkles as it passes.
Anon.

FOURTH

Be not too narrow, husband-
men! but fling
From the full sheaf, with
charitable stealth,
The liberal handful.
Anon.

September

FIFTH

Why tarry we longer
Now summer is done,
When cold groweth stronger
And darker the sun?
Mary Howitt

SIXTH

Earth is all in splendour drest;
Queenly fair, she sits at rest,
While the deep, delicious day
Dreams its happy life away.
Margaret E. Sangster

SEVENTH

Behold the bird-legions,
As sadly they soar
To far distant regions
From Albion's shore.
Mary Howitt

EIGHTH

The lands are lit
With all the autumn blaze of golden-rod;
And everywhere the purple asters nod
And bend and wave and flit.
Helen Hunt

September

NINTH

Now softened suns a mellow lustre shed,
The laden orchards glow with tempting red.
Anon.

TENTH

Now frolicsome, fruit-bearing Nature is dull——
'Tis the sleep of the year, for its garners are full.
Richard Howitt

ELEVENTH

Thus sang the bird-legions As onward they fled;
And soon brighter regions Around them are spread.
Mary Howitt

TWELFTH

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warned of approaching Winter, gathered play
The swallow-people.
Thomson

September

THIRTEENTH

Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
A. Marvell

FOURTEENTH

To raise flowers is a common thing,
God alone gives them fragrance.
Oriental Proverb

FIFTEENTH

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough;
Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky
Gulf'd in a world below.
Shelley

SIXTEENTH

'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue;
'Tis the natural way of living.
James Russell Lowell

September

SEVENTEENTH

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold.
James Russell Lowell
"To the Dandelion"

EIGHTEENTH

And is the swallow gone?
Who beheld it?
Which way sailed it?
Farewell bade it none?
William Howitt

NINETEENTH

And Nature holds, in wood and field,
Her thousand sunlit censers still;
To spells of flower and shrub we yield
Against or with our will.
Whittier

TWENTIETH

This nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime, where winter wields
His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change—and bids the flowers beware.
Wordsworth

September

TWENTY-FIRST

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields .....
Are hung, as if with golden shields, ...
Bright trophies of the Sun! .....
Wordsworth

TWENTY-SECOND

The autumn-time has come; .....
On woods that dream of bloom, ...
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines. .....
Whittier

TWENTY-THIRD

Hours fly, ...
Flowers die,
New days, ...
New ways
Pass by. .....
Love stays.
Henry van Dyke

TWENTY-FOURTH

Child of the silk-soft golden hair, ...
The sweet grave face, the hazel eyes, ...
Mother of dolls, a constant care
That makes you prematurely wise. .....
Owen Seaman

September

TWENTY-FIFTH

A desire like thirst
Awakes within me, or a new child heart,
To be abroad on the mysterious earth,
Out with the moon in all the blowing winds.
Wordsworth

TWENTY-SIXTH

All Nature mourns, the skies relent in showers,
Hushed are the birds, and closed the drooping flowers.
Pope

TWENTY-SEVENTH

Summer ebbs—each day that follows
Is a reflux from on high,
Tending to the darksome hollows
Where the frosts of winter lie.
Wordsworth

TWENTY-EIGHTH

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest-song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.
Whittier

September

TWENTY-NINTH

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the waterside;
Wandering o'er the healthy fells,
Down within the woodland dells.

Mary Howitt

THIRTIETH

The year's in the wane,
There is nothing adorning,
The night has no eve,
And the day has no morning;
Cold winter gives warning.

Thomas Hood

October

FIRST

The yellow poplar leaves
came down
And like a carpet lay;
No waftings were in the
sunny air
To flutter them away.
Jean Ingelow

SECOND

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries
Far behind.
William Cullen Bryant

THIRD

Yellow leaves, how fast they
flutter — woodland hol-
lows thickly strewing,
Where the wan October sun-
beams scantly in the
mid-day win.
Jean Ingelow

FOURTH

October's foliage yellows with
his cold.
Ruskin

October

FIFTH

Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade, when autumn heats remove.
Pope

SIXTH

O! how shall summer's honey-breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days?
Shakespeare

SEVENTH

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave.
Robert Herrick

EIGHTH

Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.
Keats

October

NINTH

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Gray

TENTH

O sweet to me is the autumn weather,
When the rain and the leaves come down together,
When twilight through the day descends.

T. B. Read

ELEVENTH

Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air,
From half-stripped woods and pastures bare,
Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home.

Wordsworth

TWELFTH

What pensive beauty Autumn shows,
Before she hears the sound
Of Winter rushing in to close
The emblematic round!

Wordsworth

October

THIRTEENTH

The Heavens, whose aspect
makes our minds as still
As they themselves appear
to be,
Innumerable voices fill
With everlasting harmony.
Wordsworth

FOURTEENTH

He prayeth well, who loveth
well
Both man and bird and beast.
S. T. Coleridge

FIFTEENTH

I could record with no re-
luctant voice
The woods of Autumn, and
their hazel bowers
With milk-white clusters
hung.
Wordsworth

SIXTEENTH

The coronal, which Autumn
gives,
The brief, bright sign of ruin
near,
The hectic of a dying year!
Whittier

October

SEVENTEENTH

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Whittier

EIGHTEENTH

The summer and the winter here
Midway a truce are holding.
A soft, consenting atmosphere
Their tents of peace enfolding.

Whittier

NINETEENTH

That clouds must veil this fair sunshine
Not less a joy I find it;
Nor less yon warm horizon line
That winter lurks behind it.

Whittier

TWENTIETH

Gone hath the Spring, with all its flowers,
And gone the Summer's pomp and show,
And Autumn, in his leafless bowers,
Is waiting for the Winter's snow.

Whittier

October

TWENTY-FIRST

How sweet, on this autumnal day,
The wild-wood fruits to gather!

Wordsworth

TWENTY-SECOND

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
And fruits, have come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
The early and the latter rain.

Whittier

TWENTY-THIRD

The spectacle, how fine! Of Nature's works,
In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,
A revelation infinite it seems.

Wordsworth

TWENTY-FOURTH

But, dear girl, both flowers and beauty
Blossom, fade, and die away.
Then pursue good sense and duty,
Evergreens which ne'er decay.

Nathaniel Cotton

October

TWENTY-FIFTH

Then, dearest maiden! move along these shades .....
In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand .....
Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods. .....
Wordsworth

TWENTY-SIXTH

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, ...
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead .....
Are driven. .....
Shelley

TWENTY-SEVENTH

But, see, the evening star comes forth! .....
To bed the children must depart; .....
A moment's heaviness they feel, ...
A sadness at the heart.
Dorothy Wordsworth

TWENTY-EIGHTH

A woodland scene! A little while I stood .....
Breathing with such suppression of the heart .....
As joy delights in. .....
Wordsworth

October

TWENTY-NINTH

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg

THIRTIETH

Keen, fitful gusts are whisp'ring here and there
Among the bushes, half leafless and dry;
The stars look very cold about the sky.

Keats

THIRTY-FIRST

And calmest thoughts come round us—as of leaves
Budding — fruit ripening in stillness—Autumn suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves.

Keats

November

FIRST

Now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the
mournful grove.
Anon.

SECOND

In rattling showers dark No-
vember's rain,
From every stormy cloud, de-
scends amain.
Ruskin

THIRD

The wild November comes at
last
Beneath a veil of rain;
The night wind blows its
folds aside,
Her face is full of pain.
R. H. Stoddard

FOURTH

The warm sun is failing, the
bleak wind is wailing;
The bare boughs are sighing,
the pale flowers are dy-
ing;
And the year
On the earth, her death-bed,
in a shroud of leaves
dead,
Is lying.
Shelley

November

FIFTH

When all you see through
densest fog is seen.
Crabbe

SIXTH

The poor man 'mid his wants
profound,
With all his little children
round,
Prays God that winter be not
long!
Mary Howitt

SEVENTH

The yellow year is hasting to
its close;
The little birds have almost
sung their last,
Their small notes twitter in
the dreary blast—
That shrill-piped harbinger of
early snows.
S. T. Coleridge

EIGHTH

There is no colour in the
world,
No lovely tint on hill or
plain;
The summer's golden sails
are furled,
And sadly falls the autumn
rain.
Celia Thaxter

November

NINTH

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
William Cullen Bryant

TENTH

The autumn's fairy gold turns pale,
And twilight closes fast and chill.
And dirge-like winds, with lengthening wail,
Moan low, or rise with whistle shrill.
Anon.

ELEVENTH

Though days grow short, the fire's a sun
That will not set without our leave.
Anon.

TWELFTH

And each wild throat,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shiv'ring sit
On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock.
Thomson

November

THIRTEENTH

The pale descending year,
yet pleasing still.
Thomson

FOURTEENTH

And now the mounting sun
dispels the fog;
The rigid hoar frost melts
before his beam.
Thomson

FIFTEENTH

O gracious beauty, ever new
and old!
O lights and sounds of Na-
ture, doubly dear
When the low sunshine warns
the closing year
Of snow-blown fields and
waves of Arctic cold.
Whittier

SIXTEENTH

The air is damp, the winds
are cold,
And summer paths are wet
and weary.
Mary Howitt

November

SEVENTEENTH

Less drear the winter night
shall be,
If memory cheer and heart-
en
Its heavy hours with thoughts
of thee,
Sweet summer of St. Mar-
tin!

Whittier

EIGHTEENTH

Talk not of sad November,
when a day
Of warm, glad sunshine fills
the sky of noon,
And a wind, borrowed from
some morn of June,
Stirs the brown grasses, and
the leafless spray!

Whittier

NINETEENTH

These naked shoots
Barren as lances, among
which the wind
Makes wintry music, sighing
as it goes.

Cowper

TWENTIETH

In November days,
When vapours rolling down
the valley made
A lonely scene more lone-
some.

Wordsworth

November

TWENTY-FIRST

See, where on earth the flowery glories lie:
With her they flourished, and with her they die.
Pope

TWENTY-SECOND

My garden roses long ago
Have perished from the leaf-strewn walks;
Their pale fair sisters smile no more
Upon the sweet-brier stalks.
Whittier

TWENTY-THIRD

The summer warmth has left the sky,
The summer songs have died away;
And, withered, in the footpaths lie
The fallen leaves but yesterday
With ruby and with topaz gay.
Whittier

TWENTY-FOURTH

The grass is browning on the hills;
No pale, belated flowers recall
The astral fringes of the rills,
And drearily the dead vines fall,
Frost-blackened, from the roadside wall.
Whittier

November

TWENTY-FIFTH

Though flowers have perished at the touch
Of frost, the early comer,
I hail the season loved so much,
The good St. Martin's summer.

Whittier

TWENTY-SIXTH

The autumn yesterday
In winter's grasp seemed dying;
On whirling winds from skies of gray
The early snow was flying.

Whittier

TWENTY-SEVENTH

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind passed.

Shelley

TWENTY-EIGHTH

O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

Shelley

November

TWENTY-NINTH

There was no leaf upon the
forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's
sound.

Shelley

THIRTIETH

Then let not Winter's ragged
hand deface
In thee thy Summer.

Shakespeare

December

FIRST

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Shelley, "The Cloud."

SECOND

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round.
Cowper

THIRD

Every winter,
When the great sun has turned his face away,
The earth goes down into the vale of grief.
Charles Kingsley

FOURTH

No mark of vegetable life is seen,
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,
Save the lone redbreast on the moss-grown wall.
Scott

December

FIFTH

And all this uniform uncol-
our'd scene .....
Shall be dismantled of its
fleecy load, ...
And flush into variety again. .....
Cowper

SIXTH

Thy summer garden ne'er
Was lovelier with its birds .....
and flowers
Than is this silent place of .....
snow
With feathery branches .....
drooping low.
Mary Howitt

SEVENTH

A wrinkled, crabbèd man .....
they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged .....
beard as grey
As the long moss upon the .....
apple tree.
Southey

EIGHTH

They should have drawn thee .....
by the high-heapt hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy .....
great armed-chair,
Watching the children at .....
their Christmas mirth.
Southey

December

NINTH

Now trees their leafy hats do bare,
To reverence Winter's silver hair.
Washington Irving

TENTH

When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the caked snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon.
Keats

ELEVENTH

The winter comes, the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars;
The white drift heaps against the hut,
And night is pierced with stars!
Coventry Patmore

TWELFTH

The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?
Whittier

December

THIRTEENTH

Grass afield wears silver thatch.
Palings all are edged with rime.
Frost-flowers pattern round the latch,
Cloud nor breeze dissolve the clime.
Lord de Tabley

FOURTEENTH

Also imaginings will hover
Round my fireside, and haply there discover
Vistas of solemn beauty.
Keats

FIFTEENTH

Eager and never weary we pursued
Our home-amusements by the warm peat-fire
At evening.
Wordsworth

SIXTEENTH

Ere the breath of spring
Planting my snowdrops among winter snows.
Wordsworth

December

SEVENTEENTH

No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
No fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
Pope

EIGHTEENTH

What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
Shakespeare

NINETEENTH

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.
Shakespeare

TWENTIETH

O days grown cold! O life grown old!
No rose of June may bloom again;
But, like the hazel's twisted gold,
Through early frost and latter rain
Shall hints of summer-time remain.
Whittier

December

TWENTY-FIRST

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possessed the earth.

Tennyson

TWENTY-SECOND

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

Scott

TWENTY-THIRD

Come, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing.

Robert Herrick

TWENTY-FOURTH

Through the deep gulf of the chimney wide
Wallows the Yule-log's roaring tide.

James Russell Lowell

December

TWENTY-FIFTH

A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!

A. Domett

TWENTY-SIXTH

Within the hall are song and laughter,
The cheeks of Christmas glow red and jolly,
And sprouting is every corbel and rafter
With lightsome green of ivy and holly.

James Russell Lowell

TWENTY-SEVENTH

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity.

Keats

TWENTY-EIGHTH

O Winter! bar thine adamantine doors;
The north is thine; there hast thou built thy dark
Deep-founded habitation.

William Blake

December

TWENTY-NINTH

So White Winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year today.

Shelley

THIRTIETH

The sound of thy merry voice
Makes the old walls
Jubilant, and they rejoice
With the joy of thy young heart.

Longfellow

THIRTY-FIRST

The days are cold, the nights are long,
The north wind sings a doleful song;
Then hush again upon my breast;
All merry things are now at rest.

Dorothy Wordsworth

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